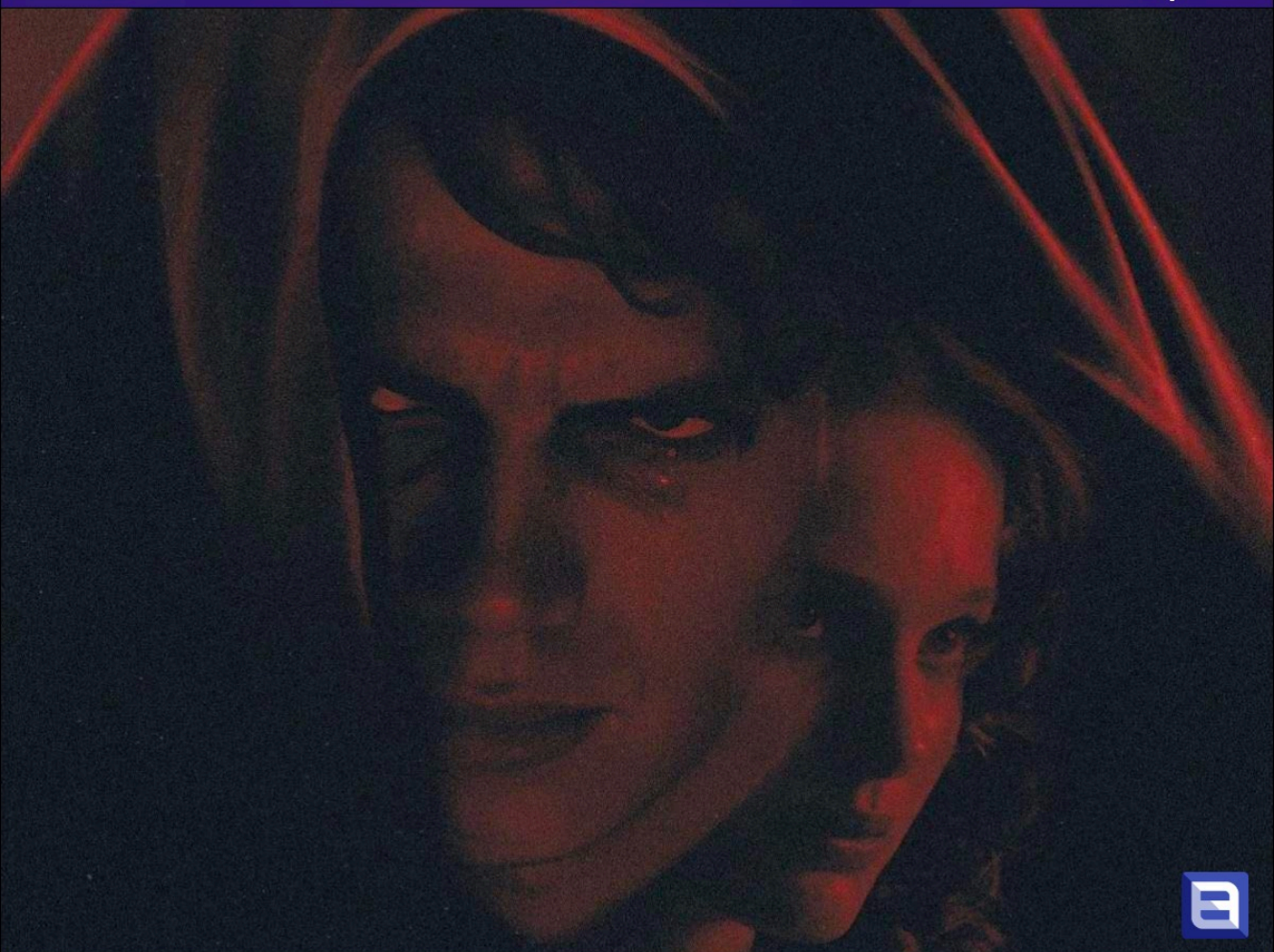


If you could only see, the beast you've made of me

Gemma's Writing

Star Wars

Complete



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Table of Contents

[Cover](#)
[Title Page](#)
[Copyright Information](#)
[Table of Contents](#)
[Summary](#)
[1. If you could only see, the beast you've made of me](#)

Summary

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Description:

Throughout his life, throughout this war, Anakin Skywalker had done terrible things, bent the rules, broken them, stolen, sped, damaged, wounded, threatened, mind-tricked and even killed. He'd killed so many... But in this moment, now, none of that compared to... There was something far worse than all of those sins and he was mere moments away from committing it, his worst atrocity.

1. If you could only see, the beast you've made of me

He wanted *more*.

More power, more time, more of Padme... Everything. The desire ran through his veins alongside his blood, racing his life essence to its destination and corrupted every inch of the Jedi along the way. That's what it felt like, at least. He could *blame* that. He'd felt like this for some time now, and the wanting had grown as the Clone Wars stretched on longer and longer. Each day marred his soul further; every kill blackened his once pure heart beyond recognition. Of *that*, Anakin was sure. He was no longer the same boy who left his new wife behind on Naboo as he joined the fight for the galaxy. No, he was a *man* now. A warrior, a celebrated General of the grand army of the Republic. He was a *leader*. He'd changed and that was alright. Because *she'd* changed too. War changed everyone... But not necessarily for the better, as Obi-wan would say... But Anakin, unlike many, *embraced* the changes in himself wholly, they whispered promises of all he *could* be, of all he'd one day have. The old Anakin, the *boy*, the powerless version of himself had brought nothing but pain and loss and he was glad to leave that behind.

Never again. He would never again be that person, never feel the cold seeping horror of death tearing away someone he cared for — *let it try* — because he was more powerful than before. He had grown into the man he was supposed to be, at last. And that man would do everything in his power to protect those he loved. And protect them, he *did*. What had he told Padme about Clovis? He *warned* her, he saw what happened coming before anyone else. No one believed him until it was too late, until the serpent's jaws had clamped down and the poison set loose. He was *right* and finally, they'd all seen it. Even Padme, as the entire deception had been revealed to her before the scum placed the barrel of his blaster to her perfect head.

The very moment his eyes had taken in the sight of Rush Clovis, the traitor, the snake in the grass, the man who would have taken *everything* from him, holding the blaster against her, his fate had been sealed. Arguably, it had been sealed the very moment the vile pile of Bantha poodoo attempted to force himself onto his angel. Anakin would have *gladly* punched the life out of him then, in those heated moments but she'd stopped him. She'd *protected* her would be attacker, the man who'd come between them rather than siding with him. *Him!* Her husband!

And worse, she wanted to leave him... She *had* left him — even temporarily — demanded *space*, time apart, as if he'd done anything *wrong*... He'd protected her, as any good husband should, he kept her safe... And yet she spurned him, sent him away and worked with Clovis again! Padme made it clear that night she didn't like who he'd become, the flashes of his true self he'd allowed her to see had frightened her. *As if his fury could ever turn on her*. He didn't fight her, should have, but didn't. He gave her the time, *wanted* her to miss him as he ached for her daily.

But that was forgotten the moment he watched her fight for Clovis' promotion, *supported* his ascension within the banks. Suddenly, he didn't want her to miss him anymore... No. She

was *his*, mind body and soul; she belonged to Anakin and no other. Clovis had no claim to her. Just as there was no woman in the galaxy who could ever claim him away from her. And yet Clovis *tried*... And he'd try again. He knew it. If he lived, he'd plead for sympathy and appeal to Padme's gentle nature. She loved a victim to heal.

So, Clovis could not live.

It was that which danced in his mind for the entire journey to free his wife from the threat of the Separatists, the idiotic trap Clovis' greed had landed them both into. The Chancellor, at least, understood that, and gave him the mission without a moment's hesitation because he *knew* Anakin, he understood the man rather than longing for the boy. He could see the shine of his potential and didn't fear it; only *encouraged* what he one day could be. Soon, Padme would do the same, he knew she would... She only needed time.

The coward surprised him, however. For the first time, the serpent grew selfless and sacrificed himself for another, for *Padme*. Anakin was ready to drop him, his pretence had worked, convinced them both his strength was failing him... By some miracle, in the panic, Padme did not remember he could simply have used the Force to draw them both up easily. But there was no time for any of that, instead, Clovis in his final moments, grew a spine and did Anakin a favour.

He was her saviour now, and all was forgiven as she whispered frantic apologies into his chest and trembled in his arms. He had her again, and for a momentary forever, everything was as it should always be. His Padme was safe once more, she was his and any thoughts of *space* between them were forgotten. Clovis died a traitor, but would be remembered as a hero... Anakin could live with that if it meant there were no more threats to what belonged to him.

Even before he'd gone to war, he'd always thought that it was his deep seeded wildness which appealed to Padme most, broke her out of the strict Senatorial role and lead her into another realm of existence, a rebellion against all that she was, all that she lived for... Their love fulfilled a dark fantasy of hers so deep within her mind she had no knowledge of it... But Anakin knew. While to her, he may be darkness, the moon to hear her howling, she was the light he followed home, his sun, the very reason for existing. They were darkness and light, and they sought the opposite in each other.

It *worked*. It worked until it didn't and for that, he blamed Clovis.

She was *happy* with him until Clovis came along... Until he tried to kiss her, to make her love him and take her from Anakin and yet she believed the fault was *his* when he snapped! Any man would fight for what was his — any who would not were cowards and no true men. He did not have much to give her, other than himself, and when he began to seem less desirable to her, less appealing, Anakin realised something had to be done. Clovis was gone, but what if another came? What if she began to feel how she had that night with no prompting? What if she merely began to not love him anymore?

That could never be allowed to happen. She had to love him forever, he'd love her for an eternity — she'd seared her name upon his heart and now, he feared she may grow to wish to purge her own of his. It wasn't fair. She couldn't just... He wouldn't *let* her stop loving him, stop wanting him. They were fated, destined for one another. Their very union was the will of

the Force, and the son of the Force would now allow its desire to be disobeyed. Not now, not *ever*.

Anakin wanted her as his, forever and he wanted every being in the whole galaxy to know it, to look at Padme Amidala and think of *Skywalker*, and for the ties between them to last permanently. He needed something... More than marriage, as marriage had failed him once already. The vows exchanged between them hadn't stopped her turning her back to him in favour of Clovis, who was to say it would stop another's influence from coming between them. Especially when he was gone, when she was *alone* for months without end... When she didn't know when he'd return, *if* he'd come back to her. What was there to stop another stealing her heart from him?

It was different now, between them. Something had altered, shifted while they weren't looking and he didn't know how to put it back. *She* was different with him... Distant, sad almost... Not as affectionate as he'd grown accustomed. It was not his wife he saw now, but another. A woman who *accepted* his love, his touch, and kiss but seemed not to desire it. Whatever he'd awoken within her the night his fist collided with Clovis' face, had yet to return to its sleep.

Was she slipping away? Had he begun to lose her? The mere thought plagued the Jedi, *terrorized* him, and woke him in a cold sweat night after night until his mind swore it could take no more of any of this.

He tried sweetness at first, gentle kisses to her cheek in the morning that made her flush, bringing her flowers he'd plucked from the park on the other side of the planet — the hours hauled up in his Starfighter with only Artoo's delightful chirping was *worth* the light the gesture brought to her face, the surprised gasp she gave him made the cramp in his leg painless suddenly because she looked at him how she once had. *With love*. And she kissed him and held him and for a few days, all was perfect again... Until it wasn't.

Throughout his life, throughout this *war*, Anakin Skywalker had done terrible things, bent the rules, broken them, stolen, sped, damaged, wounded, threatened, mind-tricked and even killed. He'd killed *so many*... But in this moment, now, none of that compared to... There was something far worse than all of those sins and he was mere moments away from committing it, his worst atrocity. Perhaps it would be the worst moment of his life, the very sin the Force would reject him for, once his life ended one day... And yet, none of that was enough to convince him not to do it. This was what he *had* to do. The darkness that would stain him was *worth* it, if it meant keeping his wife, his angel with him always.

Anakin *knew* her, just as she knew him. He knew everything about her, every part of her soul — she'd even let him read through her datapad journals, had lain across his body comfortably as she typed her deepest thoughts into the screen and sometimes, talked to him about them as she did so. Once or twice, she'd even allowed him to add small additions to her entries... He knew his wife to her very soul, there was nothing about he did not know, no secrets between them and so, he knew exactly what had to be done to keep her.

Family was the most important thing in the galaxy, to Anakin and Padme both. And so, for his own to remain by his side, there was only one way, one option to take if he wished to eradicate the possibility of her leaving him. He needed Padme to carry his child.

Only then, once they were a *family* through and through would they be bound together beyond what any competitor could ever hope to sever. Nobody could ever *dream* of taking her from his side once two halves of them both came together to create something so *precious*, nothing could compare. Children had always been strictly locked away in the “*one-day*” conversations they had, *one* day, when the war ended, when they were ready for the scandal of their marriage becoming public... One day, when they were *ready*. Anakin was ready *now*. He craved a family, for children of his own and the day these things came on their own seemed further by the moment...

She'd be granting him his own fantasy now, a life, a family outside the Order... A tiny little creature to love forever and who'd always love him in return. He ached for a baby girl, with her mother's beautiful eyes and if the will of the Force was with him, he'd have just that.

There were certain precautions they took to avoid pregnancies... They could do *more* but had never bothered to. Padme took her pills and insisted that was enough so he'd never taken to using certain products other human males perhaps did. It worked; no children ever came along... Until now. It *wouldn't* work anymore. He'd ensured her efforts to remember to take a pill each morning had been rendered null. A little mind trick here and there had brought dupes of the pills into his possession, harmless and utterly useless for what Padme needed them for. Threepio never asked any questions when he entered the apartment in the middle of the day, while he *knew* Padme was in a meeting with Naboo's ambassador, and it was easy to simply take the pills and flush them down the refresher.

He hadn't hesitated once.

Part of Anakin *wanted* to feel guilt, he wanted to loathe himself for betraying the sacred trust of his wife, but he simply could not. What he'd done... Despicable to most, but necessary for him. He was saving his marriage, starting a family with the woman he loved more than *anything* in the galaxy! Padme *wanted* children, he'd merely sped matters up. This was going to make her happy, he *knew* it would. They were going to be parents, sooner than later and that above all else, drew a pleased grin to the Jedi's mouth as he piloted his speeder toward the temple. He could almost rejoice at the knowledge of what was to come! Padme would be his, forevermore, and he would be hers for as long as the Force itself existed. He couldn't lose her now, the nightmares were over, the panic, and the *fear* were done because, despite his betrayal, there was *such joy* to come for them both.

Wasn't that *worth* everything?

Anakin made sure to take her to bed that night, and as many times as he could after that. He had to be *sure*... Had to give it as much chance to happen as possible. Padme was willing enough, seemingly enjoying his new amorous mood. Passion, at least, they had in abundance. Even in the heat of the worst arguments, they could tear the clothes from the other's bodies and sate the anger in very different ways. And it was this passion; he relied on now to grant them what they *both* desired.

He waited, impatiently, constantly watching her — after researching the symptoms — and embraced the desperate yearning that overcame him for what came next. Padme showed no signs of conceiving, no sickness or tenderness. *Nothing*. No matter how *many* times they... How he switched the pills again and again — *nothing*. Part of him wondered, *did she know*? Had she somehow figured out his plan and subverted his will — the will of the Force — and

found a way to avoid conception? No, impossible. He knew her too well. He'd *sense* it if she knew and by the Force, Padme would *make sure* he knew all about it if she'd found out...

There was still a war to be fought, and Anakin could not escape the battles forever... Once again his time came to leave and always, leaving his love wounded him. The tears she shed in the midst of their goodbye were the slight reassurance he needed to go, to not drive himself to the brink of madness in wondering *what if...* She was going to miss him; she'd worry for him... That was love, was it not? But it wasn't enough. He still needed something more, however, something more tangible than marriage. They'd gone to bed together in a desperate haze of lust and passion as they so often did on the nights before he left her, and for one night, his desperate mission was forgotten. Anakin simply lost himself in the overwhelming love he felt for her, for his darling angel and everything had felt *good*. He needed to let go, to enjoy her, savour how she felt beneath him, *around him*, the sounds she made, and the connection they shared. She whispered words of love over and over again and for a beautiful moment of bliss, he *believed* her again.

But when it was over, it was over. His joy at what he'd expected to come died in his throat as his hand of flesh caressed Padme's tight stomach under the guise of affection... Perhaps, he'd been wrong. This — none of this was the will of the Force. He'd find other ways of achieving what he needed to. When he returned, he might try once more but until then... Until then, he'd have to resort to *trust*.

Months passed, filled with fighting and strategizing and plotting. He won almost every battle he lead his men into, and he sensed recognition was to come from the Council — it was long past time — and at last, after a mission to rescue the Republic's beloved Chancellor from the claws of the Separatist Forces, he was permitted to return to his clandestine angel. He came back to her hardened further, scarred all over — even his face had not been spared — and eager for the love he'd missed so dearly in her absence.

He listened as she spoke nervously, hidden away behind one of the grand pillars of the Senate building as the trail of politicians and Holonet reporters filed further and further away from them, sensed the joy she felt, hidden beneath layers of apprehension and worked hard, *so, so hard* to fight the explosion of sheer *victory* he felt as the blessed words he'd longed to hear from her at last filled the air between them. "Ani..." She looked expectantly up, into his eyes, as if there could ever be anything other than delight at what she told him, "I'm pregnant."

Somehow, he managed it, to keep his slipping control on its tight leash and not swing her in his arms once more, to play the part of the surprised husband, as if he were not expecting this, as if he had not even *thought* of this and not played with their lives to bring about *exactly* this. It was done! At last, everything had fallen into place! He and Padme would be together for *life*, and then, eternity. They'd watch their children grow, and their grandchildren and their children and onward — forever. Their line would last forever... All because of this blessed, much-desired child.

"This is a happy moment," he grinned down at her honestly, near trembling in elation. This was it. Now, nothing could ever come between them again — *nothing*. He'd set up the pieces for the rest of their lives and he intended to enjoy every moment of it. Because he'd *earned it*. He'd earned her, and the child she carried within her. They were his, and nothing was going to take them from him. "The happiest moment of my *life*."

A/N: So, yes, this was DARK. But I wanted to explore a darker side of Anakin, not Vader, but Anakin... Because all of the terrible parts of him displayed here were still there when he was Anakin Skywalker. He is jealous and possessive and I think, if pushed to it, he might just do what happened here. I needed a break from happy Anidala, because I live for angst. But seriously, do not think I am romanticising Anakin's darker aspects, because I am not. I'm merely showcasing them. I enjoyed looking at their marriage through Anakin's twisted point of view, especially as this drifted into "Revenge of the Sith" territory, because we all know what happens there.

I hope you liked this! Please leave a review and tell me what you thought.